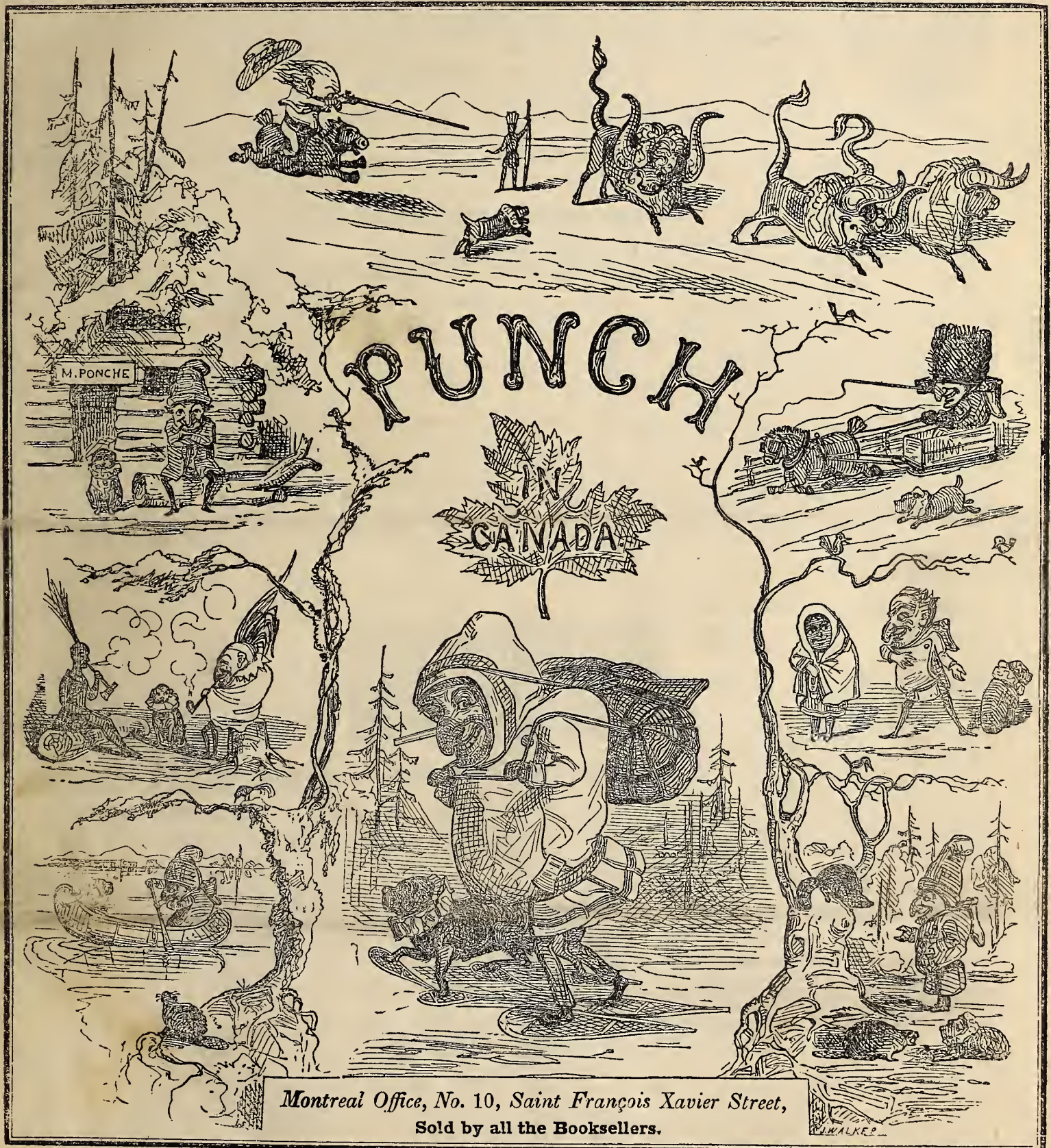


B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of *Punch*, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. 17.]

September the 13th,

[PRICE, 4d.



TO SPORTSMEN.—For Sale, a couple of liver-colored Water-Spaniels, of a breed well known in the West of England, as staunch retrievers. They are 7 months old, and have been for some time in the hands of an experienced dog-breaker. Price 10 GUINEAS. Apply to F. S., at the *Courier Office*, if by letter, *post paid*.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicine into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scumful Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostitives, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper. Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

BY GEORGE HALL, Great Saint James Street, formerly McGill Street. Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, FREE OF CHARGE.

THE MONTREAL Weekly HERALD

OR DOLLAR NEWSPAPER! *The Largest and Cheapest Journal in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA!* is published at the very low rate of \$1 per annum to Subscribers in Clubs of 7 or more persons; in Clubs of 4 persons, 6s. 3d. each; or, single Subscribers, 7s. 6d. each, CASH, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. All Letters to be post paid.

The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

Donegana's Hotel

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received, beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

Splendid Establishment

on a more favorable footing than before. The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages, and its Internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G. F. POPE, as Superintendent, and Mr. COURTNEY, as Bank-keeper.

They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respectable Hotels in town.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer, and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.—Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.—All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

HAMILTON.

The most convenient, comfortable and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hôte, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats. N. B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

Compain's Restaurant,

PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HÔTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hôte, 1s. 3d.

A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "Maitre de Cuisine," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes.)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSELL), has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repaired and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season in his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec April, 1849.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Mossy Lyrics, — No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gazed on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;

But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit,
From head to foot,

For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—REDUCTION IN PRICE. ALFRED SAVAGE & Co. beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE.

A. S. & Co. have a ready commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY. Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street. June 1, 1849.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *choicest Brands of Segars*, in every variety, comprising Regalins, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, La Desadus, Manillas, &c. &c.

Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. A lot of very old and choice Principles of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty years' standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet.

Agents for Canada,
Messrs S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—Hard Times.

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price of ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at \$5 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual.

May 10.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GILTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Pelots at 25s.

Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.

Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.

Summer Suits, 22s. 6d.

A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

J. WELCH, WOOD ENGRAVER,

From London.

All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Punch in Canada

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance.)

CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850. A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dollar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectors, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be damned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dancing.

RAISING THE DEVIL,

OR,

The Legend of Peter Groome,

With a Moral thereto.



It was a night, a murky night,
O'er earth deep shadows fell;
It was a night, on which men might
Well do the deeds of hell.
A lurid pall
Was spread o'er all,
O'er land and sea and sky;
Lightning flashing,
Thunder crashing,
Hailstones dashing,—
All Heavens dread artillery!
It was a night
When Phantom sprite,
And goblin dance so merrily;
Through the air so thick
On a stout broom-stick,
Witch and warlock ride so cheerily;
And the gay little Devils can saunter in peace
From the Suburb St. Ann to Molson's Distillery
Without the least fear of *Malo's* Police.
Black, fearfully black is the face of night,
As the clouds sweep past in terrible flight;
And the roaring thunder peal on peal,
And the ruddy lightning's glancing reel
Plays o'er the loud tempestuous swell
Of the rushing winds in their wild revel:—
The Bat no longer flutters
In its very funny flight;
And the Cats have left the gutters.
In a most confounded fright,—
The very Owls, in hollow trees
That blink their time away,
Have ducked their heads and hid their "sneeze" *
Beneath their pinions grey;—
In short, it was a night so very bad,
That no one, if there was a house to be had,
Would stop without shelter
In such a regular pelter,
Unless indeed *Old Nick* was his master,
Ready to back him in ease of disaster.
Well—on this night, and it was not so long ago,
In truth it was not so long since the last winter's snow,
In a room about which there was nothing mysterious,
There were gathered some gentlemen with an air rather serious;
They looked as they were some business about,
Which they would not particularly like to come out;
The room might have measured some sixteen by thirty,
Well furnished and warm and not at all dirty;
With a nice Brussels carpet spread over the floor,
And baize very tightly nailed over each door,
To keep out the cold,
And listeners bold;
Who acting the spy,
Into secrets might pry,
By an ear to a key-hole or e'en to a chink,
(A nod to a blind horse, 's good as a wink)
And this is a wrinkle, as *CAVERON* said once,
If you don't take it, you'll be a sad dunce.

And who were these gentlemen twelve,
Thus stealthily met together,

* *Anglice*, nose—vide *Pierce Egan*, *passim*—

For the information of Members of Parliament—Owls have noses.

At an hour when honest men snooze in bed,
And the powers of darkness gather?
And what could these gentlemen twelve be about,
That every one else was so carefully shut out?
List ye, I pray,
To the poet's lay,
And as the somewhat crabbed rhyme goes,
You'll know as much about it as he knows!
Who were the gentlemen? heh! here's the catalogue;
And if in your travels you e'er met with such a rogue,
As the first on the list—
But caution says, Hist!
There's an action for libel, if you mention the name;—
Express it in paraphrase, and it comes to the same.
So the first was the "MAN WITH THE WONDERFUL NOSE,"
That sets everything blazing wherever it goes—
And *Mister LAFONTAINE*,
From Suburb St. Antoine—
And *BALDWIN* so sly,
With his leering eye—
And *LESLIE* so grave,
Dead hand at a shave—
And then *Mister VIGER* who handles the rhino,
And poekets it too for all you and I know—
Then comes *PADDY BLAKE*,
That sham son of glory,
Who wanted to slake
His thirst in the blood of a Tory—
And poor *MR. PRICE*,
Who's rather too nice,
And always looks terribly true,
At being 'pal' of this very bad crew—
And *HAMILTON MERRITT*, who's death on '*Canards*'—
And *DRUMMOND*, eternally kicking up brawls—
And then *Colonel TACHE*,
After all only washy;
Some think; if the chance was, he'd turn out a hero;
For our own part, we set down his courage at Zero;
Though an army he certainly leved one night,
And dismissed them next day in a terrible fright—
Next comes '*Modest*' *CAMERON*,
Much given to stammer on
Things he knows nothing about—
And the last of this funny turn out,
Is a gentleman named *MR. HINCKS*,
And this name,
'Tis a shame,
Rhymes to nothing on earth except—stinks!
Ye spirits of darkness, tell,
Why do we love the blast so well!
Why do our souls find stern delight
In the gloomy shades of darkling night!
The thunders boom, the lightnings fly,
They gladden our ear, and light our eye—
Elements crashing in fiercest array,
Our hearts can struggle as fiercely as they;
Let the demons of tempest be wild as they will,
The demons that tear us are wilder still.
Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
'Tis a night of fear!
And the boldest man here
May well feel queer,
For at utmost need,

And quickest speed,
By word and spell,
That none may tell,
Reckless and mad, the sons of evil,
By a most unholy revel,
Are about to raise the DEVIL!

First on the Brussels carpet Mr. HINCKS
Traced the mystic circles bound,
And then with inkstands and crossed pens
Mr. BALDWIN fenced it round.
Next in the midst a potash kettle
Did MALCOLM CAMERON place
And VIGER filled it with hot embers,
Grinning with a wild grimace.
Then hand in hand the wizards twelve
Danced around in dreadful glee,
Singing to a dismal tune
A dismal melody.
"Oh! help us, good master,
"We're in a disaster;
"The Tories have burned down the Parliament House—
"EARL GREY's in a passion
"As is often his fashion,
And he swears that we're not worth "three skips of a lousc,"
"If we don't find the rogue out
"Who kindled the fire,
"And we've searched all about,
"And are not a bit nigher
"To find out the man,
"Than when we began!
"As thou art our Father, the Father of liars,
"Oh! help us to find out who kindled the fires!
"If you are a gentleman, help us, ST. NICHOLAS,—
"For every Tory is getting a kick at us—
Come with thy horns, or come with thy tail,
"Or send us an imp, but send without fail,
"Or thy servants are smashed,
"Tee-totally crashed,
"And done so immortally brown,
"That we shall be laughed at all over the town."
Then into the kettle upon the embers red
A Bunch of bright red tape they threw;
Next several volumes of the Statutes
Done nicely up in covers blue.
Then TACHE' dropped in several pistol balls,
And PRICE a fragment from the ruined walls,
Those "Elgin marbles," which will stand
A Record to all time
Of the swiftly certain punishment

Which waiteth upon crime.
Then as the flame rose fierce and faster
Old VIGER fed it with a new shin plaster;
And ever they sang
As the old walls rang—
"As thou art our Father, the Father of liars,
"Oh! help us to find out who lighted the fires!
"As we are thy children, due tribute we pay,
"If you are a gentleman, help us we pray!"
Just then a sweet and tinkling sound
Did through the chamber pass
Like that which fingers wet produce
Drawn o'er a finger glass.*
And bright flames shot
From the seething pot
And misty clouds floated round the room
And very queer shapes through the darkness loom;
The light from the kettle grows so very bright,
That the wizards themselves look on in affright—
And Mr. LAFONTAINE shivering with fear
Catches HINCKS by the button-hole and says in his ear,
"Oh, HINCKS! I'm afraid
"That he'll never be laid,—
"We shall ne'er get him back to the place whence he came,
"For he'll haunt us for ever with madness and shame!"
Just then MR. CAMERON stalked to the pot,
And, by this time, be sure, 'twas most precious hot,
And dropp'd in the flames the two last lying batches
Of the "DIGNIFIED NEUTRAL's" wicked despatches;—
And then the flame shot fierce and high,
And then arose a wild unearthly cry—
And a mocking yell
'Twas the laugh of hell,
Peal'd through that chamber wide;
And the wizards all,
Both great and small,
Waited to see
In dread agony,
What then would next betide.
Fainter and fainter waxed the flame,
But thicker grew the smoke,
Until at length a human form
The column dense it took
And an awful voice rang through the room—
"I could not come myself, so I've sent you "PETER GROOME."

*The sequel and the moral for another week,
Punch in his wisdom thinks will well keep.*

Vide accounts of Schaeffer.

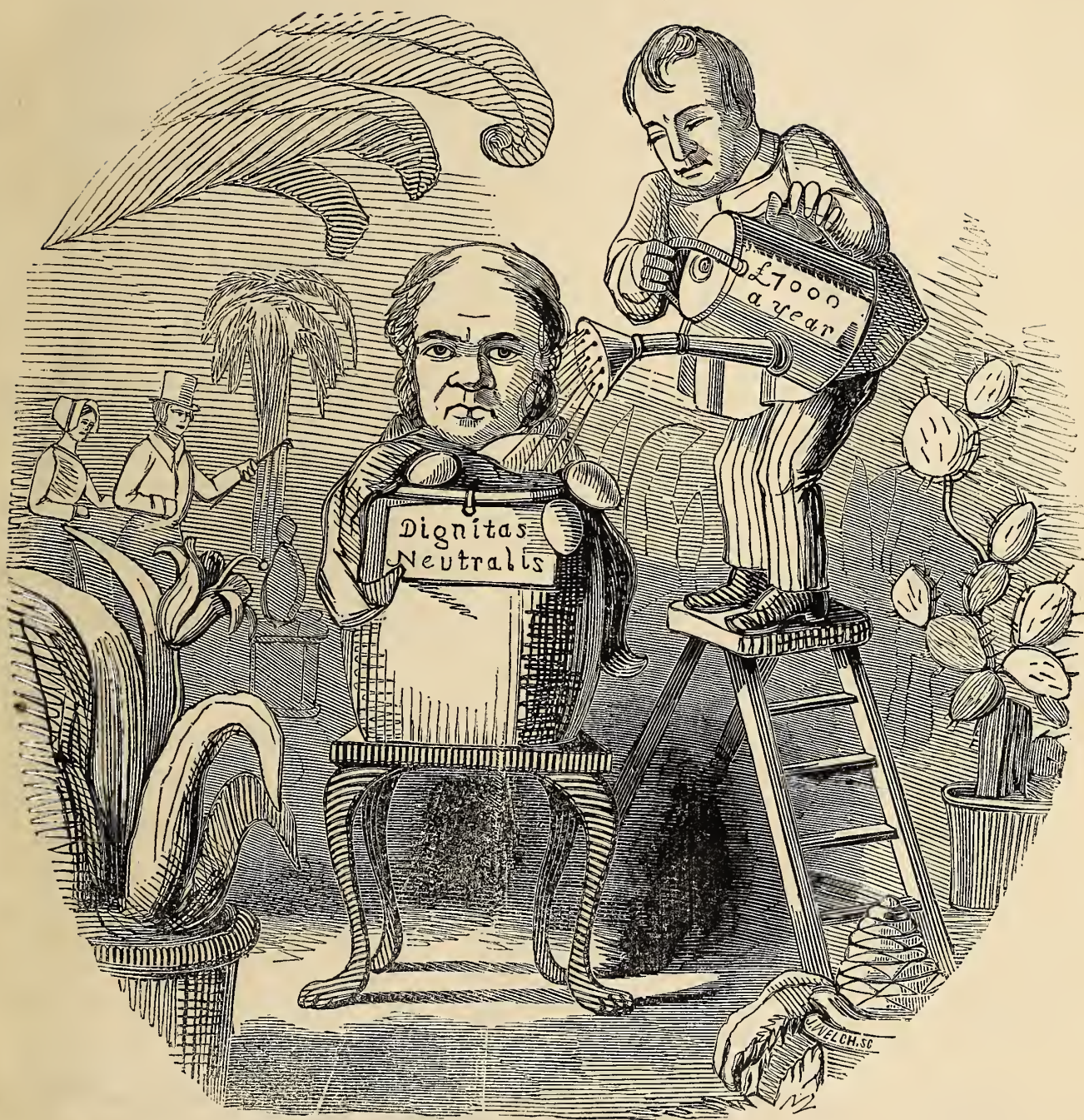
AFFECTING INCIDENT ON BOARD THE "HIGHLANDER."

The moment Lord Elgin set his foot on board the Highlander, he descended with eager haste into the cabin; but, finding himself pursued into that sanctuary by the light of day, which he seemed particularly desirous to avoid, he addressed the steward in melancholy accents, enquiring whether there was not "in the lowest depth a lower still." The steward rather shortly replied that, he hardly thought his Lordship could get any lower than he was, but, if he particularly wished for privacy, the pantry was quite at his service; and into the pantry his Lordship accordingly went, where he was heard cleaning knives with hysterical vehemence, when our informant left. Subsequently we learned that, when the Steamer had gained a safe distance from Lachine, his Lordship ventured on deck; and there a most affecting scene took place, and one that will long live in the memories of those who witnessed it. From his seat, abaft of the binnae, his Lordship suddenly started up, and before any of the people in attendance were aware of his purpose, he had gained the fore-deck, and thrown himself frantically upon the neck of the wooden Highlander, who, for many years, through sunshine and storm, has smiled down into the fore-castle of the good steamer which bears his name. The gentlemen of the Staff, who were in attendance upon his Lord-

ship, gently remonstrated against such a whimsical fraternisation;—but the eccentric nobleman would not be pacified. "He felt," he said, "beside himself, when in juxtaposition with that wooden Highlander,—he knew the people of Montreal said that nothing could move him, but what did the world know of him and his sympathies?—there were probably but two wooden Highlanders in Canada, and why the deuce couldn't people let them alone?" After much persuasion he was induced to go down to tea;—in a very maudlin state, however, and not until Captain Stearns had faithfully promised that the wooden Highlander should be "taken care of."

SONG OF THE ATLANTIC RAIL-ROAD

Steam up, my steady Engineer!	Boil boiler, sing for joy,
There's hope within my heart,	Stoke stoker, stoke!
The chink of gold is in my ear,	Heap on the fuel high my boy,
It rings for us to start.	Coal and cinder and coke!
Long sleep in silence slept have I,—	Let smoke-pipe blow & whistle play
Ho! raise me to my feet!	The coming day to greet;—
There's coming cheer the falling year	Hurrah, hurrah! with gold to pay,
To make the two ends meet.	We'll make the two ends meet!



REMARKABLE VARIETY OF THE EGG-PLANT,

*Prevented by adverse circumstances from being exhibited
at the Horticultural Fête.*



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CITY POLICE.



IF the Corporation wisecracks—the City Fathers—the Metropolitan Papas—the *Patres Conscripti* who preside over police and pipe-water, *must* place a billiard-table keeper at the head of the City Police, we would suggest the feasibility of conferring that office upon Bill Stewart, the pleasant though small proprietor of “Head-Quarters,” as a man in whom are combined to a very extraordinary amount, all those elements which constitute a fitness for the charge in question—a man whose superiority to Malo, in all the components which go to make up a Vidocque, must be obvious to any observer of character, who happens to have the honor of being acquainted with both parties. Perhaps some of the Intramural Dads have never even heard of Bill Stewart—the only way in which we can account for their stupidity in not at once appointing him: but we will enlighten the Incorporated Obscurity as to a few salient points of character, in which we conceive Bill Stewart to overtop Malo, as much as the French Church outtowers the debilitated lamp-post in the centre of the desert which stretches westwards from its base.

First then, as to *physique*, and the abilities, natural or acquired, which exalt their possessor from the degree of a mere man, to that of a most accomplished detective. Who has most eminently out-proteussed Proteus, and eclipsed for ever the glories of the “India-rubber man?”—nobody but Bill Stewart, who would require a private and exclusive Ovid, with two phonographic amanuenses, to sing of his endless metamorphoses. Walking the streets, Bill presents to the eye of the indifferent observer, the external developments of a man averaging—according to his style of shoeing—the height of, perhaps, fifty nine inches;—head rather large for perfect symmetry, and general expression of features, placid, with a lurking ambush of humor occasionally detected about the corners of his smile. How little of Bill Stewart is given to the world in that every-day guise; His principal physical characteristics are—ubiquity, unlimited mutability or power of transformation, and that delicacy of manipulation, or lightness of finger, so essential to the successful practice of the profitable alchemy, which insures the transmutation of the base ignoble deuce of clubs into the emblazoned Court-card, or the plain but gold-conferring ace of spades. By the combination of his first and second characteristics, a four hundred policeman power is obtained in the smallest compass compatible with the dignity of a man. The plotter of political changes is rolling quietly along in his carriage, confident that the rattle of wheels neutralises the whispers of “annexation” which he is pouring into the willing ear of a shadowy collaborateur,—safe, in his own conceit, as if walled up in a fire-proof council-chamber, with a deaf tyler on the door. But the blue pigeon that drops down from the parapet, keeping pace with the horses in short consecutive flights, has heard more of the last two minute’s conversation than either of them would choose to acknowledge. That palpable apparent blue pigeon is—Bill Stewart. Five minutes ago he was playing a sharp game of billiards at Head-Quarters;—a whisper from an invisible attendant spirit changed his fell purpose of “pocketing the red;”—accustomed to the habits of pigeons, he “willed himself” into the feathery form of a blue fan-tail, and, with the oats which he picked up in his progress, he picked up many grains of information, serving well the deep and mysterious purpose for which he has been deposited upon this ancient planet. This is but a “modern instance,” to illustrate the extraordinary gifts of William Stewart Esquire,—(he may be at our elbow, therefore let us be ceremonious and respectful,)—the very extraordinary capacities possessed by William Stewart, Esquire, and which should render him unrivalled as the Chief of a Force whose success in suppressing crime, must mainly depend upon their means of obtaining information as to its existence. Other transformations, of like adaptability to his purpose, are equally in his power. The very old lady, who, as she caresses her milk-white poodle—sole object of her affections next to herself,—andibly mumbles of a codicil to her will, cutting off her absent nephew in favor of poodle, puss, parrot and company, has, in the solitary flea which disturbs the corporeal and mental tranquility of her crisp and silken favorite,

an attentive listener—a faithful reporter of her charitable designs;—and an humble flea (William Stewart, Esq.) becomes the successful prosecutor of a *de lunatico inquirendo*. The base informer, who, by the wages of his ancient and respectable profession, is enabled to transfer from the hooks of Moss and Co. to his own whip-intended-for back, a suit of sufficient importance to enable him to figure in “Society,” entereth Head-Quarters, and calleth pompously for supper. The Welsh rabbit with which he is immediately served, differs slightly from its Cambrian congeners:—that Welsh rabbit is Will Stewart, Esq. who allows himself to be taken in for once,—and terribly sick is the misguided individual who has supped on him. But why should we multiply instances?—the task would be endless, and our purpose is already served.—Let the friends of Malo now come forward and make the best of their man. Hallo, you there sir! Councillor What’s-your-name! did that big mealy-faced rook of yours ever change his unweildy corporosity into the slender proportions of a gentlemanlike pigeon,—the lithe and active similitude of a vaulting flea,—or the sinewy and viscous consistency of rabbit of the land of St. David? Do you for a moment imagine that the doughy excrescence appointed by you as Captain of Police, could ever insinuate its ungainly bulk through the key-hole of private life,—a process rather easier to William Stewart Esquire than that of walking through the Gothic archway of a parish church? Can you conscientiously affirm that your beetle-browed *protege* is equal to the task so ably fulfilled by our talented nominee, of procuring, from the simple inspection of a conventional pack of cards, statistical information as to everything that occurs everywhere, and everybody that walks about in all manner of places, with the exception of Peter Groome whom no-body knows anything about whatever, and never did, not even William Stewart, Esquire? Are you prepared to prove that that gentleman cannot,—in a fair stand-up fight,—mould Malo into the classical form of amalgamation known as that of a cocked-hat? Will you, in default of physical endowments, put up your man for moral qualifications, in opposition to the gifted subject of our remarks? If you are prepared for any or all of these tests, come on, City Councillors, like men! But, if otherwise, send Malo back to his billiards—let him retire upon his ten-pins: or at least, if you *must* provide for him, dignify him not with the rank of Centurion; but place him in some capacity about the management of the pipe-water,—where, being doubtless well versed in the noble game of hazard, he would be sure to keep a sharp eye to the main.

And let the office of Chieftain of the City Police, be conferred upon William Stewart Esquire of Head-Quarters.

DOING SOMETHING USEFUL.

We are glad to see the corporation at work on the block pavement in Notre Dame Street. It was quite time.

Transcript, Sept. 4th.

The Transcript is glad and Punch is glad. The Corporation is at last employed in something useful. It is taking up its rotten pavements. May Punch in all humility ask this very stupid body when it means to mend its dirty ways? It is to be hoped that some of the members will not, enanoured as they are of foulness, stick in the mud they have cherished so long. If they do they will find but little assistance; few being desirous of coming into contact with any thing so fetid.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

Mr. Jollie, of 300 Broadway, N. Y. has published a song “Love’s warning serenade, with a likeness of Lola Montes.” Jollie thinks it jolly to make money out of the crimes and vices of his fellow creatures; and to pander to the lowest passions of their nature. This is a species of go-a-head-ativeness which, of course, forms one of the crumbs of comfort to be picked up when we are annexed. Jollie is a jolly fellow and annexation will make us all jolly.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

Our familiar Peter Groome, informs us that Lord Elgin has been appointed Judge of Hens and Eggs, at the approaching Agricultural Show, to be held at Kingston, on the 18th instant.

ADVERTISEMENT.



KNOW, Mr. PUNCH, that it is a common error to regard umbrellas as common property; and, in consequence of the great similarity of design which characterises their architecture, it is not, perhaps, a matter of much surprise, if, in the choppings and changings in which chance may involve them, they should become occasionally subject to transfers which are not sanctioned by the laws of commerce, and which are sadly at variance with a strict regard to private rights.

It is true that some people do not believe in these accidents; and to guard against such mistakes, a hot-headed gentleman at a distance procured a vermilion cover, in substitution for the ordinary brown or green of ordinary men. The umbrella was patent to him;—nobody either borrowed, stole or used it; and all his eloquence in praise of its warm and rosy coloring was lost upon his fellow men, who did not wish to believe that an ordinary shower should bear a typical resemblance, in their poetical fancies, to a descent of hailstones and coals of fire.

Another whimsical friend took refuge under a yellow *parapluie*. This peculiarity of color was its protection: for man, maid and matron preferred being ducked before they would consent to personify the concentrated essence of bile.

Being a man of peace, I could not consent to carry such an inflammatory article as the first-mentioned: and being also averse to bile, and bilious people, I could not conscientiously adopt the protection of the last. And so, my dear Mr. Punch, I determined that my property should be marked by the peculiarity of the handle. It is so marked;—the handle presents the horny face of a knobby-headed old man,—such knobs as phrenology, in its most frantic flights, could scarcely find in any living original. It is, in truth, a most remarkable countenance;—so marked and scarred and pitted, that the Hue and Cry could hardly delineate its portrait.

Still, with all its faults of feature,—with all its phrenological imperfections, it was my friend and companion for twenty years; and I therefore beseech you, Mr. Punch, to raise your powerful baton, and command its immediate restoration to your bereaved and inconsolable.

SENEX.

In conformity with the above request, Punch herewith commands that the umbrella around whose handle such fond associations dwell, be immediately left at the shop of Mr. Dawson, in the Place d'Armes.

SOME REMARKS ON PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS AND APPARATUS. WHAT ARE THEY, AND WHO KNOWS?—AND IF SO, WHO CARES?

BY W. HALL, Esq.

Philosophical Instruments may be divided into three heads—Steam-boilers, Clay-pipes and Smoothing-irons. In the first item, we may include that useful domestic utensil, the tea-kettle; though it has been erroneously classed by certain ignorant and illiterate Collectors of Revenue, under the general denomination of singing-birds, or musical poultry. Considering the fire-side harmony so universally contributed to by this pleasant apparatus, I look upon it as a duty to our families, as well as to the million followers of Young Hyson,—(who, by the way,—as I am informed by recent private letters from China—has just come of age)—I consider it, I repeat, my duty to admit the article referred to, free of any.

With reference to the second item, the humble but universal “clay,” which, in its razed and discolored phase, takes the specific denomination of “Dudeen,”—(from a celebrated Irish General of that name, who always carried one in his cocked hat, and was saved thereby at the battle of Marathon in the Peninsula,)—the humble “clay,” I would remark, should take a high precedence amongst Philosophical appliances,—considering that few instruments have contributed more largely towards inducing that state of mental tranquillity known as “foggy;” and which has, in all

ages, been considered as eminently favorable to philosophic speculations. Let the pipe pass, then. Passing the bottle is a separate question, and one intimately connected with the levying of toll.

What shall I say about Smoothing-irons?—that they are “flat, stale and unprofitable?” Certainly not. Ask your washerwoman, who is sure to be a philosopher with ten children, and she will tell you that the philosophical advantages of the smoothing-iron must be familiar to the bosom of every man who wears a shirt, or even to that of the hypocritical cultivator of appearances who swindles the world with a dickey. Tubal Cain, that great practical philosopher and copper-smith, was the first man who ever got up his own linen with his own smoothing-iron. He was also well known as the author of a useful little *brochure* entitled, “Every man his own Washerwoman,”—which he struck off at his own mangle, with the second edition of his Sunday ducks and shirt-collars. I think it was my friend Gugsy who facetiously remarked that,—“*untold* gold was all very fine in its way, but *untold* iron, (with reference to the smoothing ditto,) was of much greater importance,—particularly to people who prided themselves upon the unwrinkledness of their white chokers.” And so the smoothing-iron is decidedly a philosophical instrument, and therefore it will pass;—as many a flat has done before, and will do again.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

We are now in September, in which Month as usual, harvest operations are carried on with more or less success. More less than more. The weather has been very changeable and we suffer from extensive shooting in the standing corn on our left foot—which we immediately cut down and carefully protected, not wishing it to be trod on with impunity. The crops in the flower pots at Madame St. Jullien's are looking remarkably well, and unless injured by falling from the window ledge into St. Gabriel Street, will be got in before the winter. Many of our cultivators of social intercourse (contrary to the usual results,) have by constant draining so moistened their clay, that all their crop is weeds.—Discontent has been sown broadcast through the land, and the harvest it is expected will be large. There are many full crops of geese on the banks of the St. Lawrence, which will be cut about Michaelmas and immediately housed in somebody's interior.—The Brokers have had no harvest this season. They have done nothing but so-so all the year, and some must soon be sown up as they cannot reap. Dealers in flour are sour and the flour itself is often in the same predicament; and altogether this branch of trade makes the millers look white and the merchants black.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

The “Jefferson Brick” of the “New York Herald” publishes the banns of Marriage between Sir Allan McNab and the Duchess of Kent or something equally absurd. The *Pilot* copies it and adds, “IMPORTANT IF TRUE.” The *British Whig of Kingston*, in a short article on the result of the Deputation of the Mayor and Mr. Counter, has the following paragraph:

“Earl Grey has assured the deputation that he would use his best endeavors to induce Her Majesty to make a visit to her Transatlantic Dominions next summer, and that in all human probability, he would be successful. It is also said, that Mr. Counter has a private commission to procure a suitable residence for Her Majesty.”

Now this gross absurdity, this evident jest, this satire upon the gaping open-mouthed and long-eared news-mongers of Kingston, the *Montreal Transcript* copies as having a literal meaning, and adds the mystic syllables “IMPORTANT IF TRUE,” knowing all the while that there was no probability of there being any truth in the matter. When will the press of Canada cease to give publicity to the grossest fabrications, merely because they help to fill up the paper? When will it use its earnest endeavors to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? The echo who invariably replies to all questions in a very roundabout way and is as polite as a court-circular, answers, “when?”